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and filed/put away the four boxes of historical society papers that I had here; I divided the material in two huge divisions: history files & CHSM organization files. I handed them files & papers & they put them away. I hate to file, even though I am exceedingly good at it once I begin, but I can always find 100 reasons for not beginning. John & Eileen had a grand time, & so did I. SRP: "I feel like I have just lost 10 pounds or gotten rid of a burden that I have been carrying for a long time. All of these papers are now sorted through & put away."

I decided to go out & water the flower boxes; John & Eileen stayed in 302 -- they read old issues of Pennsylvania Preservation; when I had finished the flower boxes, they were still reading -- John seated at "his" desk, with his feet up on the desk. Eileen, very much in the ^{frightened} dutiful wife stance / manner, sat on a straight backed chair nearby. How John does love to play the "bon père de famille" role (I wonder if he realizes how much like his father he is; certainly he would be the last person to acknowledge that he is very much his father's son).

When I left 302, at about 8:30 or so, John & Eileen were still "reading" in 302; John, for some reason unknown to me, appeared to have gotten into a foul mood / humour. It had nothing to do with me & so I didn't allow his ill-humour to register.

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9:30 AM - Pres also calls to say that he and "Dot" would not be able to attend the Reunion because they will be on the West Coast at the time -- "We'll be taking a bus trip that we've been wanting to take for a long time." I thanked him for calling & that was that.

Pancakes & SRP maple syrup -- What a luxury; English breakfast tea; Charles Ives' "Music For Theatre orchestra" as performed by the Yale Theatre orchestra under the direction of James Sinclair.

9:40 A.M. - (I was still in bed) and two PP&L guys knocked on the ^{front} door -- "Is this the Elkdale Baptist Church?" -- I directed them to West Clifford.

12:05 PM - a car-load of "good souls" knocked on my front door and asked -- "Is this the Elkdale Baptist Church?" -- I directed them to West Clifford. As they knocked, Marilyn Horn was singing, at a very high volume, "At the River." Very amusing to see their response to my "morning music."

Sent a "Hereford Bull" post card to JVB --

"8-7-85

JVB: Greetings from Elkdale, and thanks again for your help yesterday. Perhaps you haven't had a chance to read it yet, but your June 84 trip to Peru is mentioned on page 3 of the recent Brisson Newsletter. All is well, very well, here in the "Cube." Hello to Eileen. Your "old" friend, SRP"